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PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 25, 1906.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

# Puck

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COMING!



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PUCK  
No. 1534. WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1906  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IT'S AN ill murder trial that blows no chorus girl any notoriety.

NICK LONGWORTH will find it hard work, when he comes home, to settle down again and be just a plain, ordinary Congressman.

ACCORDING to the Royal Sanitary Institute, American leather is also adulterated. It is up to Upton to get "Jurgis" a job in a tannery.

IF COL. BRYAN is really and truly in favor of Disarmament, on his return he will quit those martial references to "the enemy's country."

THE RAILROADS are to contest the new rate law, their attorneys claiming to have found a vulnerable spot. The announcement has a familiar ring. There was an impression, however, that before dealing the rate-bill cards, Congress carefully lifted the Joker from the pack.

THE SULTAN of Morocco being seriously ill, singers and dancers were engaged to drive away the evil spirits. A most excellent idea! We know of several song and dance teams that would drive anything away!

IT WAS on "Public Opinion" that District Attorney Jerome addressed the Georgia Bar Association. A particularly happy subject, Jerome having had unparalleled opportunities during the past few months to collect material first-hand.

MR. JEROME having declared in detail that his office is powerless, New York may yet become a city of refuge for cruelly persecuted Ice men.

THE BROOKLYN trolleys have killed thirty-nine persons within the last two months. There are many less practical and effective methods of relieving the bridge crush.

TWO OF our largest life insurance companies, after a thorough examination of the proper data, ascertained that with a very few exceptions all of their policy-holders have short memories. Otherwise, how can you account for certain things?

SOMEHOW, store teeth never look just right.—*Atchison Globe.*

Well, why don't you grow a mustache?

AN INDIANA "conservative" is for Bryan from this time on because "Bryan has learned something since 1896." Then, too, there is just a suspicion that the country has also learned something since 1896.

FORMER GOVERNOR Bill Stone of Pennsylvania balks at the notion of having his carved head on the door of the Capitol at Harrisburg. Considering some heads that are already there, we don't know as we blame Bill much.

THIS is the season of the year when in large families with only one bathroom, it is necessary to establish a bath-room timetable.—*Atchison Globe.*

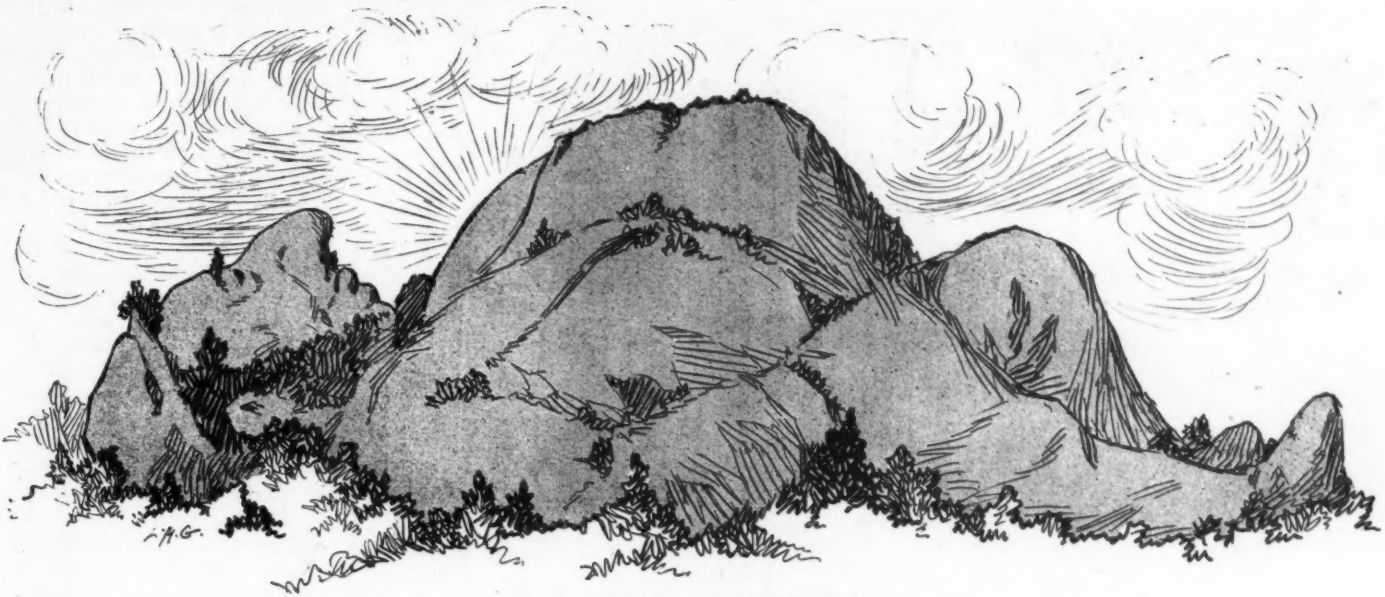
In one house we wot of the bath-room is called "203 Meter Hill," because it is taken and retaken so frequently.



INSPECTING THE BEEF TRUST.  
THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE RIGHT RESULTS.



# PUCK



THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

## YOU NEVER CAN TELL.



HE bold waves trespassed on the sands,  
No one was nigh;  
And we were playing holding hands,  
Just she and I.

'T was just a summer's hour. I had  
Not known her long;  
I had the short flirtation fad  
And had it strong.

Of course there was a sum-  
mer's sun  
And zephyr breezes,  
And she was just the  
only one  
Because it pleases.

And so I played the lover's part  
With some acuteness,  
And she responded with an art  
Of deep astuteness.

One never knows upon life's stage  
Of farce and drama  
If one be playing fool or sage—  
Fate's panorama!

But when I resurrect that day  
I grow despondent,  
For Destiny since made me play  
The co-respondent!

C. E. Nettleton.

## PRECAUTION.

SHE was about to drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs, but at the last moment she drew back.  
"Ugh!" she cried, with a shiver. "I wonder who drank out of it last?"

Nor would she proceed in the matter until disinfectants had been freely applied, for it was undeniable that sorrow went among all kinds of people.

## DURING THE HONEYMOON.

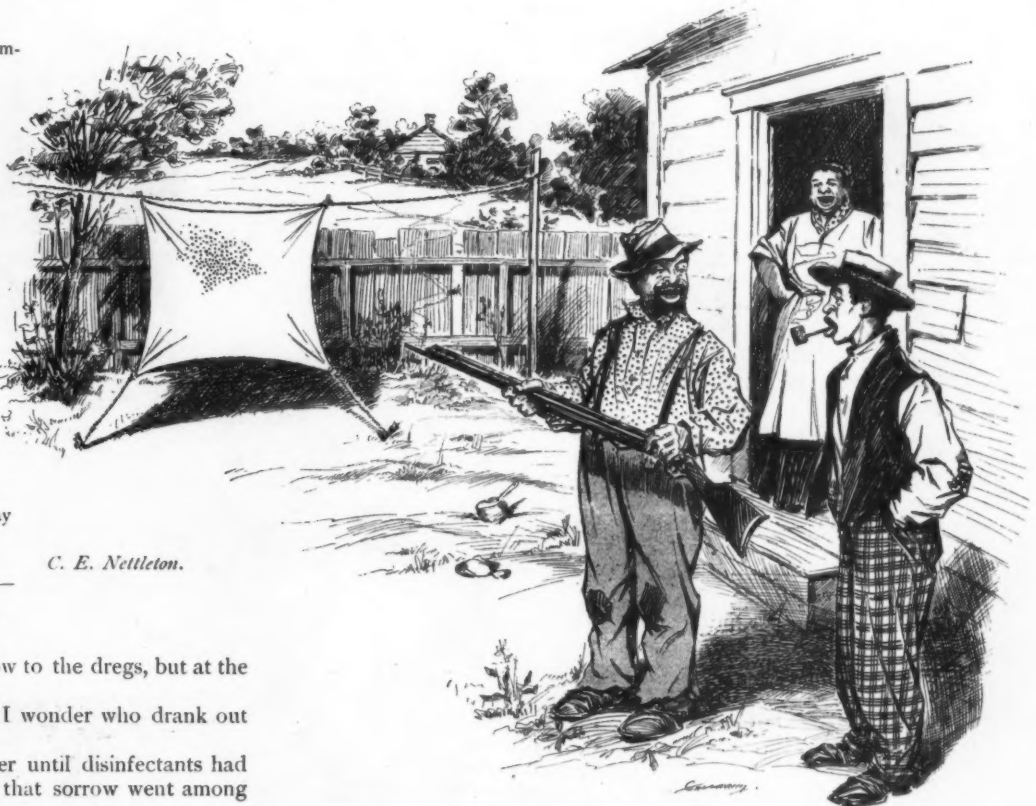
HE (*musingly*).—Adam and Eve lost Paradise, poor things!  
SHE (*rapturously*).—But *we* found it, did n't we, darling?

## TALKING SHOP.

THE CAPTAIN (*of the Hilaria*).—This is my five-hundredth trip across the Atlantic.

THE THEATRICAL MANAGER (*absently*).—Dot 's a pretty fair run;—vot are you going to gif away free for soufenirs?

BETWEEN the time when a man leaves off being too good to go to jail, and the time when he becomes too rich, there intervenes a worrisome period of uncertainty which is apt to be the death of us.

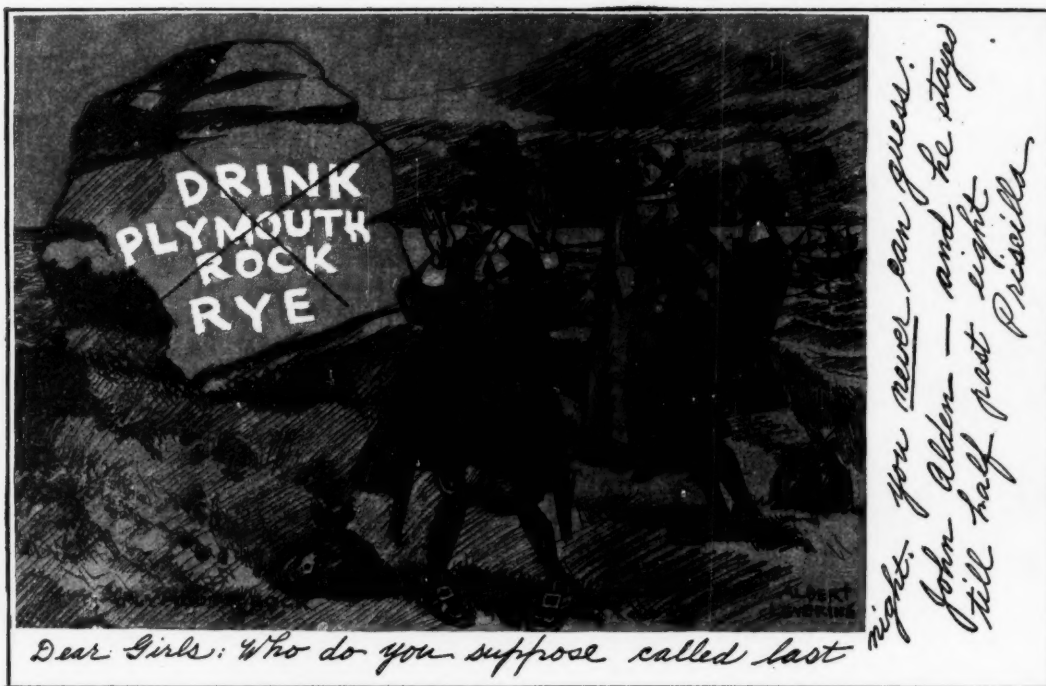


## NECESSITY'S LATEST.

MOSE MOKEBY.—Whad kin' of fool tahgit yo' done call dat, — huh?

SAM COOPAH.—Dat ain't no tahgit. Mah wife she 's hankerin' foh one o' dem peek-a-boo waists an' Ah's jes' renovatin' de material wif bird-shot, dat 's all.

**C**onnoisseur is a French word, meaning one who knows. The average connoisseur only thinks he knows, but the French are a polite people.



Dear Girls: Who do you suppose called last

SOUVENIR POSTALS THAT WERE NEVER SENT.

FROM PRISCILLA AT PLYMOUTH TO THE GIRLS AT HOME.

#### TALE OF A WAYSIDE INN.

**I**N ALL the great metropolis there lived no shipping clerk more manly, more lustrous, more buoyant than William Walter Bird, prior to the vacation season of 1906. He departed from New York on a beautiful July morning when the haze over Long Island Sound dwelt like a wraith at the city's gates. A small leatherette suit case was in his hand, and a smile upon his brow. This was Departure. Arrival occurred nine hours later, in a distant hamlet whither he had come to rest, recuperate, store the mind with sweet thoughts, and strengthen the body with wholesome fare and long, long nights of dreamless sleep. The wooded hills, the sylvan dells, the grassy green, the shining lake, the starlit skies, the pastoral notes of the whippoorwill—these were to be his happy days, and his soulful, peaceful nights.

However, there was a rainfall of about one and one-half inch per hour contemporaneously with his arrival in Dingle-town. He walked up to the Dingle-town Hotel thro' the silent street of the hamlet, and the overhanging trees dripped majestically. Mr. W. W. Bird's dainty leatherette suit case looked like Grandfather's valise when he reached the Charming Country Inn. They fed him with cold ham and warm tea. He knew it was tea because it was bitter, and was not beer. As to the ham, he trustingly took their word for it. His board at \$14.75 per week (very special rate) was begun.

William W. Bird went to bed. That is he inferred he went to bed. It looked ever and ever so much like a bed. When he had lain upon it ten minutes, he wondered what was the Matter. He rose to see. He stripped the sheet from the mattress. It was different from his mattress in the city. That, he remembered, had a certain pleasing quality of resiliency. It agreeably accommodated itself to the outlines

and position of one's body. This was a stiffer proposition. There were, to be sure, fifteen or twenty dents in it which might have been made by some angry man with a sledge hammer; but aside from these telltale marks, the mattress presented an unbroken front. So he turned it over. The other side was like the roadbed to the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., just beyond Bridgeport. He turned it back, and lay upon the dented side. As he lay, he wondered how it ever had been possible to dent it. The person who accomplished the feat must have been very powerful — — —

At two o'clock, William Walter Bird arose, lighted the lamp, and viewed himself in the looking glass. His hair was turning gray. Disgusted and ashamed at this, he went to bed again, and combatted manfully with the mattress. — — —

At three o'clock William Walter Bird arose, and lighted the lamp. His hair was now snow white, his lips were foam-flecked.

Mr. Bird was a Sport.

He was game to the core.

In frenzy he attacked the mattress; they grappled, and rolled over; Mr. Bird downed it, finally, and clutched the Thing by the Throat... He lay upon it, panting heavily — — —

In the morning they found him, with his face turned toward the wall. He was quite delirious, for one who had been so short a time in The Country; he babbled, shockingly....

Fred Ladd.



ILLUSTRATED PLATITUDES.

"A sail boat is much more poetical than a motor boat, don't you think?"

**T**he germ theory seems to have boosted cleanliness into first place, with godliness pretty much distanced.





A SEASIDE FANTASY.

THE FEMININE CRUSOES.—Girls, it *must* have been a man!!

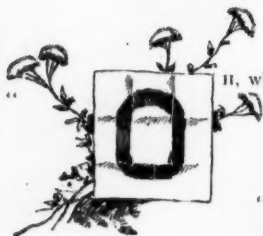
# PUCK



## COMPARATIVELY CHILLY.

OCCUPANT OF THE UPPER.—For heaven's sake, man, how can you stand all those bed-clothes? I'm simply melting in this heat!

OCCUPANT OF THE LOWER.—Heat!?! Why, I'm almost cold! But you see I ride in the Subway, twice a day, when I'm home in New York.



## THE QUERY.

"Oh, what is Life?" I asked a sage,  
Who wearily trudged by.  
He shook his head snowed white with age  
"Who knows?" was the reply.

"Oh, what is Life?" I asked the maid.  
She smiled, and then she sighed.  
"Nay, who can tell? I'm sure not I!"  
The maiden fair replied.

"Oh, what is Life?" I asked the lad  
Upon the river's bank.  
He answered me with half-shut eye:  
"Come off—conundrum crank!"

*Tudor Jenks.*

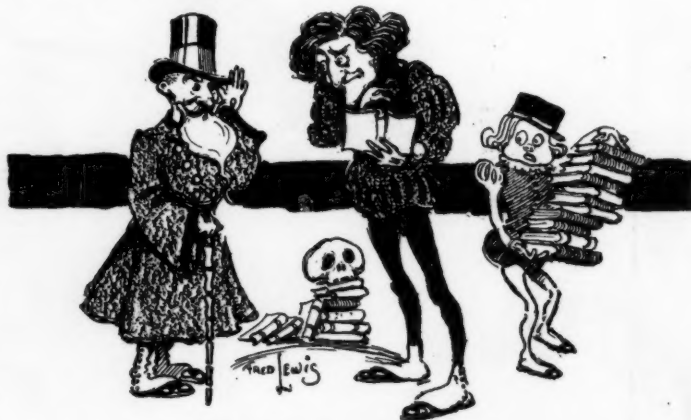
## A SUBTLE HINT.

M<sup>R</sup>. WHIFFLETREE (*with weekly paper*).—Wall, by gum! A Pennsylvania farmer found six thousand dollars thet his wife had placed under the carpet before she died.

M<sup>R</sup>S. WHIFFLETREE.—Well, I can't blame her fer bein' bound he would n't git it till he undertook tew beat the carpet.

## HOW UNKIND!

H<sup>E</sup>LEN.—What do you think of my new engagement ring?  
H<sup>A</sup>T<sup>T</sup>IE.—Gorgeous! When does it come off?



## THE MELANCHOLY DANE.

POLONIUS.—What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET (*dejectedly*).—The Six Best Sellers.

**C**alvinism will always be historically interesting, as showing how tight a lid men once imagined they could keep on.



# PUCK



"Mama has written that she would be here to-morrow to stay a month!" she cried triumphantly.

No. Dimpleton didn't start a rough-house, break any furniture, go off to the club and stay out all night, or do any of the things that the funny writer has so long relied upon to bring a howl of mirth. His face lit up with real pleasure.

"Is that so?" he said. "Well, I certainly will be glad to see the old lady. I have n't had a good, long talk with her since before we were engaged, and I would come around to the house of a Summer evening and find you out with some other fellow."

For this happened to be about an average mother-in-law, and Dimpleton liked her—as is not uncommon. *Emmett C. Hall.*



A MEDICINE BALL.

## SOOTHING THE CELEBRITY.

"I am requested, ladies and gentlemen," suavely said Colonel Handy Polk, addressing the beauty and chivalry of Torpidville, in the Grand Old Commonwealth of Arkansas, assembled to enjoy the third in the Lyceum Course's series of entertainments, "to introduce to you, in a—er-h'm!—few well-chosen words, the distinguished gentleman who will—ah!—edify us upon this occasion, a man whom we all know so well by reputation, whose name is a household word from one bound of this broad land to the other, whose delicate satire has amused and entertained the whole nation, whose wealth of humor is the laughing link betwixt the North and the South, and—er-ah!—well, I have now done so, and he will—er-er—now do so. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for—But, ah-h'm!—(turning to the celebrity)—by the way, what did you say your name was?"

## TAUGHT.

HE taught her how to skate,  
He taught her how to swim,  
They're married now, and she is teaching lots of things to him!

## OCCASIONALLY SO.

WHEN Dimpleton reached his home, after a rather trying day at the office, he was met at the door by Mrs. Dimpleton in a flutter of excitement and lace ruffles. She held something behind her back.

"Just guess!" she cooed delightedly.

"Not a guess left," Dimpleton said, as he hung up his hat. He had been guessing at Erie all day.

"It's something nice," she said coaxingly, as she slipped her arm around him and led the way to the cool library.

"Not an invitation to some house party that we will have to accept?" he questioned in sudden alarm.

"Of course not—as if I would think anything was nice that would take us away from home!" she protested indignantly.

"Well, I'm prepared for the worst; what is it?" he said, pulling her down upon his knee.

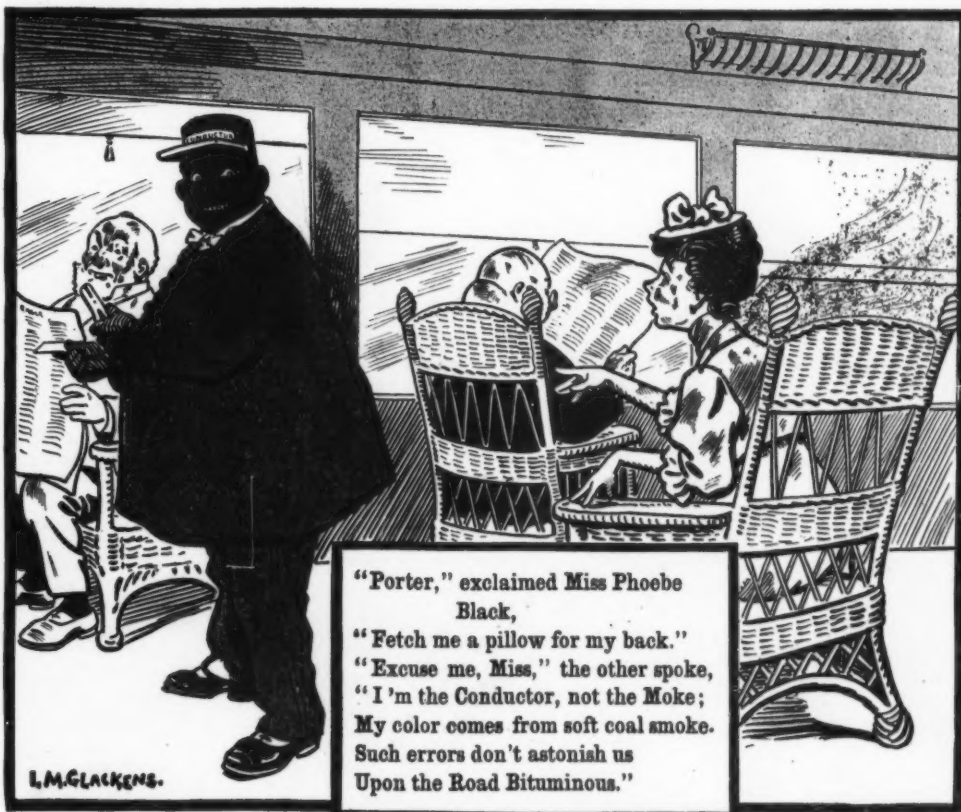
She held up the letter she had been concealing.

## WHY NOT?

MC LUBBERTY (*sourly*).—Thot 'll do! Oi am goin' out, and thot sittles ut! B'gorra, ut's too dull for me at home in dhe avenin'.

MRS. MC LUBBERTY.—Dull, is ut? How d'yez know ut's dull? Whoy don't yez stay at home wan avenin', jist to see how we pass dhe toime when ye're away?

If a man will save his face at the expense of his soul, it is only what might be expected. In modern business a soul is pretty much in a man's way, whereas he has occasion to do things on his face a dozen times a day, perhaps.



"Porter," exclaimed Miss Phoebe Black,

"Fetch me a pillow for my back."

"Excuse me, Miss," the other spoke,

"I'm the Conductor, not the Moke;

My color comes from soft coal smoke.

Such errors don't astonish us

Upon the Road Bituminous."

L.M. GLACKENS.

## THE SOFT COAL ROUTE.

IT'S ALL IN YOUR EYE.



The Salmon Pool.

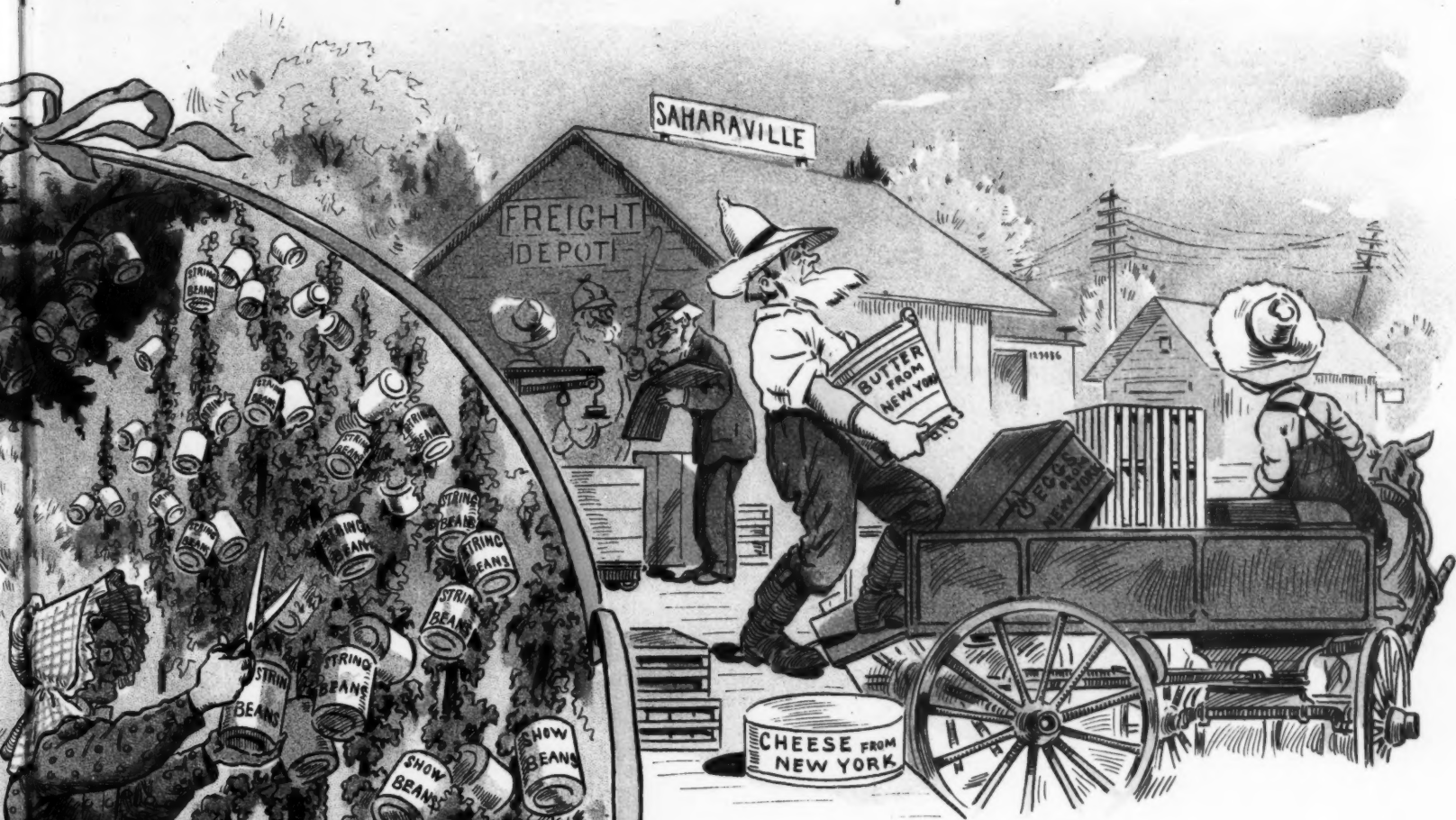


In the Poultry Yard.

The Quaint Old Kitchen Garden.

WHAT WE GET TO EAT IN  
 "TABLE STOCKED DAILY WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF EGGS, MILK, F"





Scene in the Dairy.

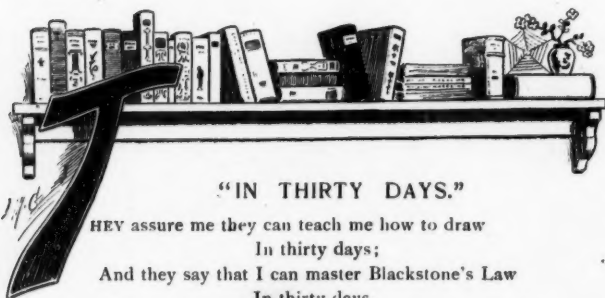


Another Dairy Scene—Milking Time.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

EAT IN THE COUNTRY.  
OF EGGS MILK, FRESH FISH AND VEGETABLES.—Adv.

# PUCK



## "IN THIRTY DAYS."

HEY assure me they can teach me how to draw  
In thirty days;  
And they say that I can master Blackstone's Law  
In thirty days.  
They can train me for a sculptor or an actor or a bard,  
Or a dentist or a doctor, for the courses are n't hard  
And a zealous student surely can be hanging out his card  
In thirty days.

They declare that they can make me write a book  
In thirty days,  
And they'll stake their honor on it, I can cook  
In thirty days,  
They can train me for a salesman, a photographer or clerk,  
A musician, a magician or an expert with the dirk —  
I have but to name the calling and they'll fix me up for work  
In thirty days.

They will give me a diploma or degree  
In thirty days.  
I can place it where the public all can see  
In thirty days.  
All the trades from A to Izzard are in their curriculum,  
And the haughtier professions they will teach me if I'll come  
In the range of their instruction and will pay a tidy sum  
In thirty days.

Susie M. Best.

## JUST SO.

LITTLE REMINGTON (*on his return from Sabbath-school*).—Papa, what are evil spirits?

COLONEL CORKRIGHT.—The infuhnal stuff you see advultised for \$3.20 a gallon.

LITTLE REMINGTON.—But, Papa, the kind of evil spirits I mean entered into the swine and they ran violently down a steep place into the sea.

COLONEL CORKRIGHT.—Well, that's all it's good for—swine! And that is about its usual effect, too, I believe.



## AFTER A FASHION.

ONE MONKEY.—It would be a shame to tell her.

THE OTHER.—Oh, of course, but think of it! It took her two whole years to acquire that Kangaroo shape, and now it's away out of style.

## THE CLIMAX OF CORRUPTION.

MRS. SMITHSON-BROWN.—I am told that Mrs. Jones-Green-Grey has been expelled from her club.

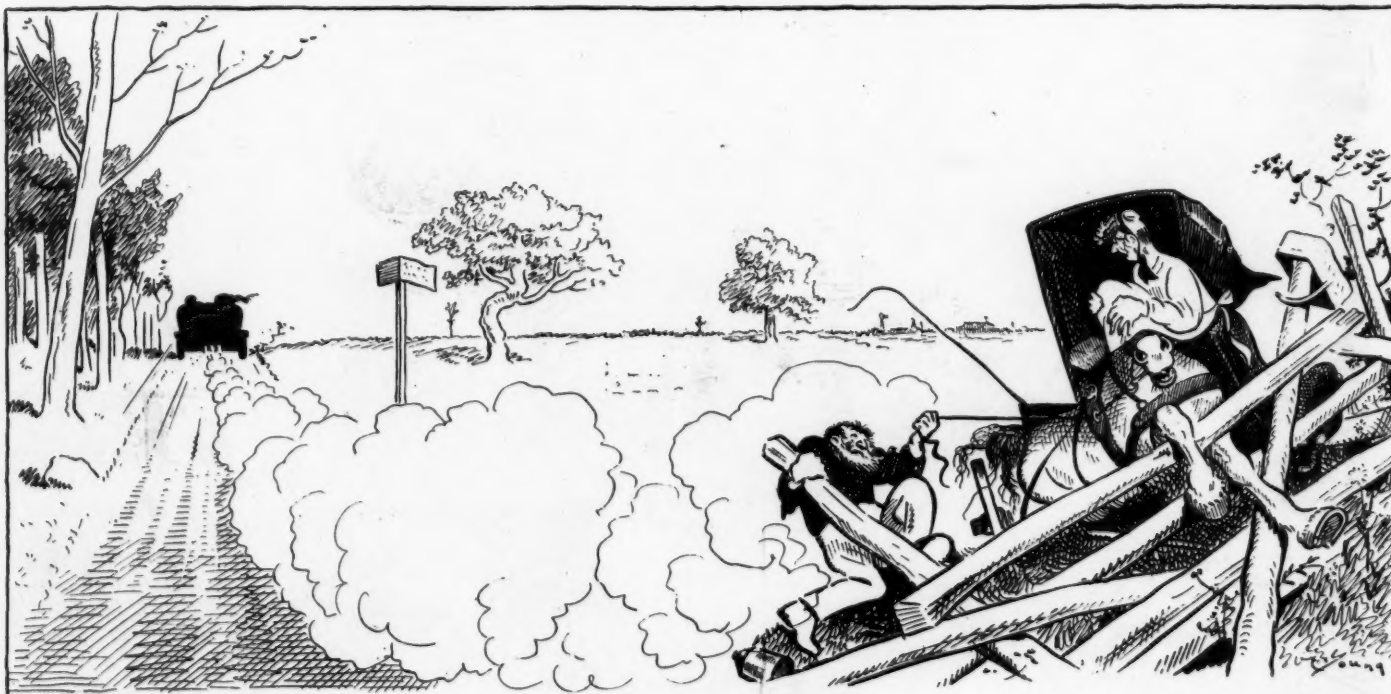
MRS. CLARK-DEVORIS.—Served the horrid thing just right!

"Was her offense serious?"

"Positively heinous, my dear. She was giving rebates on her alimony!"

## WINE AND SODA.

WISE OMAR, thou who drank Wine unafraid  
And penned the Rubaiyat through which we wade,  
What Muse would thine be wert thou here to Buy  
A Soda for the Festive Summer Maid?



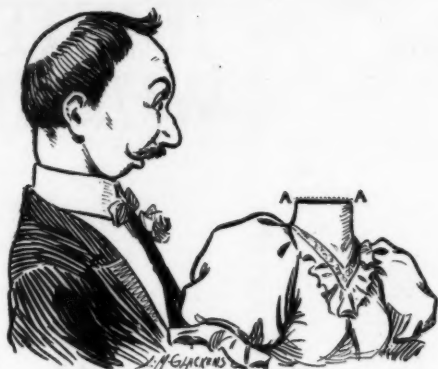
## NOT YET, BUT —

HIRAM WOODSBACK.—By Jiminetty! Those goldurn auttymobiles will *kill* somebody yet.



# CUT-OUTS FOR GROWN-UP CUT-UPS.

PUT A HEAD ON TO SUIT YOURSELF.



"Darling, will you marry me?"



"Tee-hee-hee!  
Why, the idea!"



"Sir!!"



"Oh, you dear!  
YES!!"



"George, love, we  
are both too young."

## TRAITS OF WELL KNOWN AUTHORS.

(A la the literary magazines.)



HEN Owen Wister is very warm he perspires.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox spends the summer either at home or abroad.

In writing Lincoln Steffens uses a pen, pencil or typewriter. He finds a rake unwieldy.

Richard Harding Davis dislikes exceedingly to see his books referred to as "utter rot."

Marie Corelli writes only when wide awake. She uses her right hand and breathes regularly.

Mr. Booth Tarkington is sojourning in Italy at present. We understand that Mr. Tarkington's next novel will be a piece of fiction.

When Hall Caine is engaged in writing a novel he always works either in the morning, afternoon or at night. Mr. Caine says he can do his best work only at these times.

An odd but interesting fad of Katherine Cecil Thurston's is her fancy for seeing her latest novel among the six best sellers.

The habit of telegraphing his works to his publishers is not approved by Hamlin Garland. He is of the opinion that this method smacks of yellow journalism.

A peculiarity of William Dean Howells is that he persistently avoids the use of more than one climax to a chapter. Mr. Howells rigidly adheres to this rule even when writing essays.

Jack London usually cashes or deposits all checks he receives from his publishers. Mr. London has no sympathy with the custom of framing checks for the adornment of cozy corners.

When correcting proof set from her manuscript it is Mrs. Ward's custom to mark all errors she observes. This is also true of several other prominent English novelists.

Edith Wharton always likes to see her novels, when published serially, appear in consecutive numbers. There is nothing distresses Mrs. Wharton so much as to have an installment crowded out by advertising.

It is said that Mr. Marion Crawford dislikes to complete more than one novel a day, unless the holiday season makes the exertion necessary. Should the Author's Union inaugurate the demand for an eight-hour day, Mr. Crawford's labors would be greatly lessened. However this would prove a hardship of no little magnitude to the reading public.

Arthur D. Pratt.

## ANECDOTE OF COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS had been making a great bore of himself for a number of years, when showing up at a certain court, with his maps and things, for about the forty-seventh time, he was told to go to thunder, in Portuguese, the then language of diplomacy.

For reply, the resourceful navigator merely displayed the button in the lapel of his coat, which bore these words:

"See America first."

This flash of wit so wrought upon the queen that she resolved then and there to devote her week's winnings at bridge, or so much thereof as might be necessary, to the fitting out of an expedition to discover the new world.

## ART.

THE farmer had already purchased a number of shares in an oil well, a lightning rod, and a quantity of green goods.

But the man with the gold brick was not cast down.

"The old guy is the picture of despair," quoth he, to himself; "but like many another picture, he will stand retouching, by a real artist, I fancy."



## SEEMINGLY SO.

CENSUS ENUMERATOR (absently).—Any children?

CASEY.—Well, an' phat do yez think Oi am—th' nurse gurl?

MRS. NEWWED.—What did the doctor recommend?  
NEWWED.—A cook before meals.

**A**n ounce of pluck is worth a ton of luck, which, being interpreted, means that importunity, rather than opportunity, is what,

#### THE FAITH OF THE BOY.

The four-year-old son of a certain Western Senator had a very high opinion of the importance of his father. The latter tells how, on one occasion in their Western home, the lad came across a magazine in which, by some chance, there were engraved side by side portraits of the President and the Senator mentioned.

When the lad caught sight of his father's features he broke into a broad smile. "That's a good picture of you, daddy," said he.—*American Spectator*.

#### SOUNDS THAT WAY.

BACON.—They've got a new parrot next door, and it can't say anything but "Liar! Liar! Liar!"

EGBERT.—Probably some of their Washington friends sent it to them.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

### W. C. T. U. Should Favor Beer

#### Miss Phoebe Cousins Speaks Plainly and To The Point On Temperance.

Every day seems to bring us nearer a sane, sensible, and practical solution of the temperance question in the U. S. More than one noted speaker and thinker have of late shown a leaning to a practical rather than a theoretical effort to aid in the cause of temperance. One of the most noted women of our day and age is Miss Phoebe Cousins, for a quarter of a century the leader in the woman's suffrage movement in the West. She recently said: "There never will be a law to compel prohibition and the sensible thing for the Women's Christian Temperance Union to do is to aid in the substitution of mild, nourishing drinks like beer which seldom produces drunkenness."

This broad assertion may bring a storm of criticism from the fanatical upon this devoted woman's head but in the end the living truth of her words will prevail. She is borne out in her statement by statistics. It has been clearly shown that with the increased use of malt beverages in this country there has been a corresponding decrease in intemperance.

Recently a prominent army officer in the West operated canteens at three different army posts at which only beer was sold—no alcoholic liquors whatever were allowed. He made the canteens so acceptable to the soldiers, who found beer satisfying their demands, that he actually ran all the low dives of the surrounding neighborhood out of business. Yet it was through the efforts of the W. C. T. U. that the army canteens were driven out. Let us hope the many noble women comprising the W. C. T. U. will be broad-minded enough to recognize their mistake and join Miss Cousins and others who are sincerely striving to stem the tide of intemperance by the substitution of mild, harmless beer for strong drink. In this connection it might be well to mention that chemical analysis shows Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer, which is perhaps the best known of all bottled beers, to contain only a fraction over three per cent. alcohol—as one eminent physician puts it, "just enough for a good tonic effect to the stomach, while in food value it is far superior on account of the Pabst exclusive eight-day process of making malt."

## Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—  
See back label!

That's All!



GIANT STRIDES.

FARMER HECKBIN (to lost city man).—Sorry the horses are all busy, 'cause there ain't any too much time, but if ye don't mind the exercise an' I'll take hold of my boy Hiram's hand, he'll get ye to the station in five minutes, easy.

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

#### RIDE MIGHT SPOIL ILLUSION.

"What do you think of Riggle's new touring car?"

"I think it's a fine machine."

"Did you ever take a trip in it?"

"Never."

"Then how do you know it's a fine machine?"

"Because I never took a trip in it."  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

#### A KNOWING BOY.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What is a screen for?"

"To hide things, my boy."

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Is that the reason they screen a ton of coal, to hide the weight?" —  
*Yonkers Statesman*.

#### SOMETHING WRONG.

"You say he has held office twelve years and never been accused of graft?"

"Not once."

"What's the matter with him?" —  
*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

#### SPITEFUL.

PATIENCE.—She's got a lot of color, to-night?

PATRICE.—Fully a dollar's worth, I should say.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

WHAT the reporter who gets it proudly, boasts of as a scoop sometimes seems to the reporter of a rival paper only like a salt spoon.—*Somerville Journal*.

MEN MAY COME  
AND MEN MAY GO

BUT

## HUNTER WHISKEY

GOES ON  
FOREVER



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## PUCK PROOFS

PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK



HIS FIRST PATIENT.  
Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 14 in.

By Gordon H. Grant.  
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

This charming bit of sentiment by Gordon H. Grant appeals to all. A little girl with child-like faith in the Doctor, brings him an injured doggie for treatment. The expectant look on the M. D.'s face, as he opens the door, adds interest to the situation. :: :: ::

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS.  
Send Four Cents for Catalogue with over Fifty  
Miniature Reproductions.

Art Stores and Dealers supplied by  
THE ANDERSON PUBLISHING CO.,  
32 Union Square, New York.

Address PUCK, New York  
295-309 Lafayette Street



# OPTIMISM.

Get all the good there is to-day,  
Don't fret about to-morrow.  
There's trouble 'round us all the time,  
What need is there to borrow?  
The wise man gets what joy he can,  
And leaves the fool his folly.  
He knows too much to waste his life  
In gloom and melancholy.

Look on the bright side every time,  
Don't waste your days repining.  
When any cloud looks dark and dull,  
Turn out the silver lining.  
Be wise! Be cheerful, bright and glad,  
Leave to the fool his folly,  
And let your motto be: "Cheer up!"  
Your rule of life: "Be jolly!"  
—Somerville Journal.

## MADE LOTS OF FRIENDS.

SHE. — Does your parrot make friends?

HE. — Why, miss, that parrot's made so many friends that I've had to put in a telephone so she can talk to 'em during the day! — *Yonkers Statesman.*



Naturally  
aged  
in the  
bottle

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To obtain a uniform Barley, we have built a new, up-to-date Malt House in the Best Barley section of Wisconsin, and Wisconsin is conceded to be the banner Barley State in the Union. Most brewers buy their Barley on the Board of Trade, and get a mixed article; in fact, do not know where their Barley comes from.

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The Water we use comes from the same bed of Lime Rock that Waukesha Water comes from, which city is located 12 miles West of our Brewery. We have three wells, each 2,000 feet deep into this rock, from which we draw our supply.

# MILWAUKEE



### THOSE SUMMER SAILORS.

"Does the Commodore know anything about a boat?"

"Does he? Why, no; he does n't know any more about a boat than—than the regatta committee does."

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

### TWO CLUBS.

BILL.—I understand that both you and your wife have your separate clubs?  
JILL.—That's correct.

"Which gets the most enjoyment out of the club?"

"Well, I think it's an even thing. When I come home late from mine, my wife gets a good deal of pleasure out of hers." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

### DIFFERENT THINGS.

A congressman from Illinois tells of the trials of a politician in that state, whose wife is, according to his notions, a somewhat too ardent advocate of woman's suffrage. On one occasion, it appears, the better half was remonstrating with her husband for his adverse stand in the matter.

"Mark my words!" exclaimed she, excitedly; "one of these fine days we women will rise in our might and demand a voice in the management of this country's affairs!"

"For mercy's sake, don't say that!" retorted the politician, with assumed horror; "be satisfied, my dear, if you secure the right to vote!" — *Woman's Home Companion.*

## MENNEN'S

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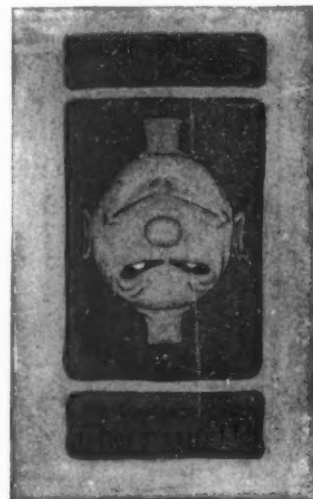
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### SI'S SEEDLESS APPLES.

SI SQUASH.—Them Sciens fellers think they got somethin' new when they 're blowin' about th' seedless apples. Naou, I know of apples 'at mos' everyun hez, what's seedless.

EB. BEAN.—Thet so? What's th' variety?

SI SQUASH.—I b'lieve thy's called the "Adam's apples."—*Toledo Blade*.

### NOT ON THE TOE.

"Have you any corn cure?" she asked.

"Right here, madam," replied the druggist. "This is guaranteed to cure a corn within twenty-four hours."

"I don't want that kind. I want something that will cure my husband of drinking corn liquor."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

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### HANDICAPPED.

AMATEUR FIREMAN (*sleepily*).—Gee, I hope we ain't called out to-night. Just remembered that I left my necktie down at the tennis court.

## In the 200 Thousand Class

The first edition of the Overland Monthly (on the San Francisco fire) was exhausted inside of a week. The old publishing house is now on the second one hundred thousand edition. Such a demand for a western magazine was never before created by any event. The Overland Monthly published two editions of the Bret Harte number years ago, but this edition did not reach anywhere near the amount of the "Fire Number."

The article by Mr. P. N. Beringer is one of the best pieces of descriptive writing of the times. Mr. Beringer is an ex-war correspondent and was for a long time editor of the Overland Monthly. He is now editor of the San Francisco News Letter.

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### NATURAL THOUGHT.

"This milk is warm, mamma," said the city boy, tasting milk in the country for the first time.

"Yes, my son," replied the parent; "I suppose it is fresh from the cow."

"Oh, I thought they'd made a mistake and put hot water instead of cold in it!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

### LITTLE BO PEEP.

Little Bo Peep  
Lost umpteen sheep,  
And she's mad as the very dickens,  
For she's got a hunch  
That all of the bunch  
Were made into potted chickens.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

THE man who never worries about anything does n't always leave other people tranquil.—*Somerville Journal*.

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Take the whole combination.



## HILLS AND BLOSSOMS.

They lie beyond the western rim,  
So far, so far away—  
Beyond the distant horizon  
Of blue and misty gray.

The prairie breezes softly blow—  
The blossoms dip and nod;  
The hills—they lean to meet the sky,  
Like sentinels of God!

I wonder who, beyond the rim  
Where blue meets hazy gray,  
Goes laughing, romping o'er the hills,  
And plucks the blooms to-day?  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

## TOM KNEW.

TEACHER.—Tommie, what is the  
hardest wood that grows?

TOMMIE.—The kind a feller's got  
to split.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

HOBSON.—He says he fell in love  
with her at first sight.

DOBSON.—Huh! It must have  
been in the twilight, or else she wore  
a veil.—*Somerville Journal.*

## ON THE RAGGED EDGE.

"I'm broke!" exclaimed the worn-  
out shoe;

"Aye! worse than that. Ah me!  
I'm on my uppers, for I've lost  
My sole support, you see."

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

## CHESTY.

YEAST.—How does the Colonel find  
room on his breast for all his medals?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Why, the more  
medals he gets, the more his chest  
expands.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

At first sight, it seems inconsistent  
that a man should want his boy to  
carve his name in the temple of fame,  
and then object because he carves it  
on the front gate-post.—*Somerville  
Journal.*

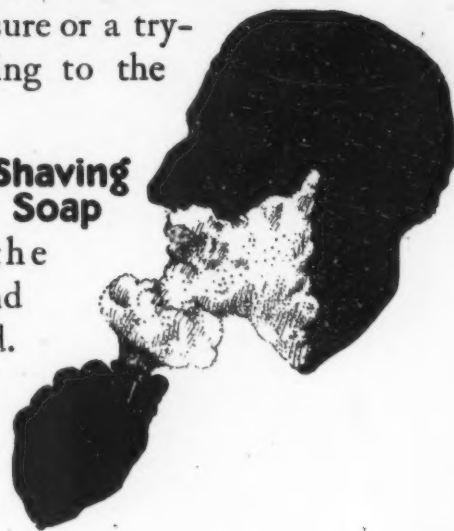
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on the face."

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## EXPERIENCED.

MONTMORENCY.—Did the agent ask you if you'd had any experience as a chorus girl?  
MAZIE.—Of course; and I told him that I'd testified in no less than nine trials.

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